

This is an excerpt of thoughts which are innumerable. Transcribed, here, in the moment they beget something which is far greater. I hope to have people read these and think "oh wow, I get it" Understanding that those moments will be interspersed with other moments of "what is she trying to say" The words are dense, each sentence conveying a message that, if not gotten, is completely lost. I struggle with this myself on the rereading, occasionally my eyes glazing over until "oh yeah". It is supposed to be read with an understanding of phenomenological meaning or importance. The idea that a picture can be gleamed from something it is not explicitly describing. An impression of artifactual meaning.

Orchestrated outrage at the micro level.

The coolness factor of where you are at the moment

For something to be orchestrated it has to contain certain things. Deliberation for one.

Mechanism, moving parts. Reality is not stagnated. At any moment it is all moving. Interspersing details on different descriptive planes, relative to their use. Potential, purpose. All subjective to the perceiver.

You see how it gets tricky to analyze in a given space (between two people) let alone a culture (of many). A group of even more. Subjectively bleeding different identities - invisible until you open them up, and it comes pouring out.

The problem I have with American culture is we say "It doesn't exist" and then proceed to shout at each other about our identities, our histories, our expressions. Meanwhile, it turns out - as we always assumed - none of that matters - in an instant, poof.

Over the hump.

It is as if the gnawing becomes the culture. Marrow seeping into every bite. Wittling down truths and notions of reality, perfecting their shapes until Blech - we've had enough with that one. A powdery composite, grinding our teeth. There's always a next agenda. An item of stressor for more.

We are blind in all this to each other, the token de facto bretheren - of - land we're against. By nature, we revolt against him feeling the sting of our burden, our plight. Resounding, relentless, crescendo, which voice makes up the loudest awakening, the rousing inferno of "Cool".

We bite again. Forgetting the process, of which we've come. Distracted, once more - by whom?